

THE MAN WHO KILLED EIGHT GERMANS: PHOTOGRAPH

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

No. 3,534.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1915

One Halfpenny.

THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE: IMMORTAL EXPLOIT OF
SERGEANT MICHAEL O'LEARY, V.C.



Lieutenant A. Martin Leake. Captain J. F. Vallentin (marked with a cross).

The greatest deed of the war has been performed by Sergeant Michael O'Leary, V.C., of the Irish Guards. It is one of the most heroic things in the history of the world. It is a reality that makes romance seem trivial. O'Leary, the immortal Irish-



Sergeant Michael O'Leary, the immortal V.C.

man, captured a German position single-handed, killed eight of the enemy and made two others prisoners. Michael O'Leary is not yet twenty-five years old. He was born in Macrom. Lieut. Leake has twice won the V.C. Capt. Vallentin is another V.C.

ANOTHER BRIDE WHO DIED IN A BATH.



This is Mrs. Bessie C. Williams, who was found dead in a bath at Herne Bay in 1912. She is photographed with her husband, Mr. H. Williams, an art dealer. At the inquest Mr. Williams stated that his wife had had fits, and the jury returned a verdict of Death by Misadventure. Her body has now been exhumed and examined.

WOMEN WHO SAVED THE BRITISH FLAG.



These three women—Mrs. Willie Pienaar, Mrs. Zylstra and Miss Van der Berg—saved the British flag when De Wet and his rebels occupied Winburg, in South Africa. When the rebels had lowered the flag from the town hall the three women seized it, and Mrs. Pienaar (seated on the left) wrapped it round her waist.

BRITISH DRIVE Foe FROM TRENCHES.

Sir John French Praises Splendid Gallantry of Our Troops.

AIRMAN'S THRILLING DEED

British troops have won notable successes in stiff fighting around Ypres.

An official communiqué from Field-Marshal Sir John French, issued yesterday, pays a glowing tribute to British pluck and hardihood.

Flooded trenches, atrocious weather and seas of mud have no effect on the fighting spirit of our "Tommys." Unhunted, they fight on, even when they lose a few trenches temporarily.

This is what the British have done in the last few days:—

Driven the Germans out of some trenches they captured.

Blown up a German trench.

Taken a number of prisoners.

Defeated two night attacks.

Strengthened ground gained.

Splendid work has also been carried out by our airmen, one of whom attacked two German aeroplanes in succession.

FIERCER STRUGGLE ALONG CANAL.

Field-Marshal French's report is as follows:—

1. The enemy has displayed considerable activity during the past few days south-east of Ypres.

Fighting in this part of the line has at times been severe.

At one or two points the enemy succeeded in occupying some of our trenches, but was driven out by counter-attacks. In one place sixty German dead were left on the ground, one of his trenches was blown up and a number of prisoners were taken.

Our troops counter-attacked with great gallantry, in spite of the difficulties entailed by water-logged ground and trenches and bad weather.

2. On the night of the 15th to 16th an attack was made on our lines north of the Ypres Canal.

P. 16756



Lieutenant Frank Alexander de Pass, who was awarded the Victoria Cross for his gallantry in the face of the enemy's bombs and for rescuing a wounded man under fire. He lost his life on the same day. He is the first Jew to win the V.C.

and on the following night a similar attack was made near Neuve Chapelle. Both were easily driven off with loss to the enemy.

All ground recently gained by us has been strengthened and held without difficulty.

3. South of the River Lys our guns have dealt effectively with the enemy's artillery, whose fire has increased somewhat of late.

4. Our aircraft have carried out valuable reconnaissances, and have also successfully engaged the enemy aeroplanes.

One of our airmen recently attacked two German machines in succession; he drove off the first and left the second to be dealt with by our artillery, which brought it to the ground in the hostile lines.

NON-STOP RAINFALL.

Fifteen Hours' Continuous Downpour in Thames Valley—River Still Rising.

Unless a spell of fine, dry weather sets in there is likely to be a repetition of the serious floods which invaded the Thames Valley district last month.

Already the Thames, owing to the heavy rains of the past two or three weeks, is several feet above its normal level. At Chertsey the water is now 5ft. 9in. above the summer level and is still rising. In some parts of the river valley there has been fifteen hours' continuous rainfall.

Inquiries were made by *The Daily Mirror* yesterday in various districts of the Thames Valley as to the extent of the floods. Round about Reading and Marlow the fields adjoining the river are nearly all covered with water. Near Marlow the floods are almost deep enough for boating.

The day began in London yesterday with rain and finished up with bright sunshine. The afternoon was ideal for out-of-door exercise and numbers of amateur gardeners hurried home early from their offices to make the most of the daylight among their bulbs and growing plants.

IMMORTAL EXPLOIT OF O'LEARY, V.C.

Irish Hero Whose Prowess Puts Deeds of Three Musketeers in Shade—Promoted on Field.

Who is the bravest hero that the world has ever seen?

Yesterday the question was rather difficult to answer. Our thoughts would have turned at once to those pale champions of Celtic chivalry who clustered round the table of King Arthur.

Some would have thought of Roland of France; others of Hereward the Wake, who made war in the Fens against William the Conqueror and his Norman hosts.

But to-day the question is even more difficult to answer.

For the supremacy of all the world's great heroic figures in the past is to-day challenged by Sergeant Michael O'Leary, of the Irish Guards.

On the first of this month at Quinchy O'Leary, then lance-corporal, was one of a storming party which advanced against the foe's barricades. He rushed to the front and killed five Germans, who were holding a barricade.

After this he attacked a second barricade, some sixty yards further on, which he captured after killing three more Germans and making two others prisoners.

Thus he captured a German position with one pair of Irish hands.

It was stated at the headquarters of the Irish Guards yesterday that O'Leary was promoted on the field to the rank of sergeant for distinguished service.

HIS NICHE IN FAME'S GALLERY.

In the days of old when a man did anything approaching such a deed as O'Leary's he was made the lord of a county or at least a baron. But as it is, he has been well rewarded. He has won the V.C. and the heartfelt thanks of the Empire.

And, being a Celt, he is certain to become the hero of a legend and to have his deed recorded in Celtic songs.

At the moment we must be grateful to Sergeant Michael O'Leary for proving that truth is stranger than fiction.

In the face of his great deed against the Germans the exploits of the Three Musketeers—D'Artagnan and his companions—pale into insignificance.

They are drawing-room heroes in comparison with O'Leary.

He has proved that the great age is the present and not the past.

NOT YET TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD.

Michael O'Leary is not yet twenty-five years old, having been born in Macroom, Co. Cork, in September, 1890.

His regimental record in the Irish Guards has always been a good one. He enlisted early in life, and on conclusion of his term of service with the colours passed into the reserve.

Then O'Leary went to Canada, and, as the spirit of adventure was still strong within him, he enlisted in the Royal North-West Mounted Police, as splendid a body of men as can be found in the Empire.

When war broke out the Irish Guards reserves were mobilised, and O'Leary sailed for England at once. He was attached as lance-corporal to the 1st Battalion of the Irish Guards, one of the first regiments to go to the front.

OLD FIGHTERS' PRAISE.

"Sergeant O'Leary seems to have been a dashing sort of chap. I should very much like to meet him and shake him by the hand."

Private W. R. Clack, aged eighty-three, late of the 19th Foot Regiment, now quartered at Chelsea Hospital, made this comment when he read

the wonderful story of the young Irish Guardsman.

Nowhere was the news received with more joy and pride than among the old soldiers at Chelsea Hospital. They spent the day discussing O'Leary and the other brave men who had won the coveted little bronze cross "for valour."

Private Clack, who fought in the Crimean war, was full of praise for the plucky Irishman. "It was a very wonderful thing to do," he said. "I wish I had my youth back again to be out there with him. Long life and happiness to O'Leary, say I."

"We should have liked to have had a man like O'Leary in our regiment," said Corporal Tector, also of the old 19th Foot. "He's the sort of soldier I like to see."

"I DID IT, THAT'S ALL."

Drummer William Kenny, 2nd Gordon Highlanders, who won the V.C., is an Irishman, his parents living at Drogheda, Co. Louth. He is now in hospital at Newton Abbot, having been invalided home with a broken wrist through a fall on the battlefield.

Interviewed yesterday, he said: "There were men lying about wounded, and I simply brought them in. The Maxims had to be fired, and I did it, that's all."

Private Smith, a Border Regiment V.C., is a Workington man, unmarried, thirty-four years of age, who enlisted when he was seventeen. His real name is Gilpin, but he joined the Army under his mother's maiden name, fearing that his parents would refuse to allow him to become a soldier.

The list of V.C.s includes the first Jew to gain the distinction, Lieutenant F. A. de Pass, who was killed. He was twenty-eight years old and the son of Mr. E. A. de Pass, of 23, Queen's Gate-terrace, W.

BREAD AND DRIPPING DIET

British Governess Back from Berlin Says Meat There Is Is. 8d. per lb.

"Potatoes and stale bread and dripping are now the principal foods in Berlin. Butter is 2s. 6d. per lb., and meat ranges from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d. per lb."

These statements are made by Miss Mary Jones, who has just returned to her home at Lampeter after seven years' residence as a governess in Berlin in the family of the Assistant-Postmaster, Herr Paul Weber. She says that when she reached the frontier her money in gold was taken from her.

Miss Jones states that the majority of the people of Berlin are still absolutely confident of ultimate victory. Vast numbers of troops are still to be seen in the German capital, but there is also a considerable amount of unemployment, and great distress caused by the low rate of wages. Industries of all kinds are practically at a standstill.

When she left Berlin last week many of the last reserves had been called up. English people, says Miss Jones, would be surprised to know that King Edward was now blamed for the war. Germans allege that a document was found in Belgium which proved this.

While the Germans stated at first that the war would be over in two months, they were now saying that it would only begin in May next.

A wounded German soldier told Miss Jones that these troops did not dare to meet the Indians, whom they called "black devils."

P. 15219



As the supply of frogs from France and Belgium has ceased owing to the war, the British catchers are very busy. The picture shows Mr. J. E. Molloy, of Cowley, at work in a ditch.

ENDLESS RISE IN COST OF FOOD.

Advances Expected in Bread and Milk and Coal Prices.

VEGETABLES DEARER.

Food and fuel are becoming dearer and dearer.

Bread, meat, milk and coal have already reached almost record prices. Yet further advances at no distant date were anticipated yesterday.

Simultaneously the cost of groceries and green groceries is steadily mounting up. The latest articles to indicate an upward tendency are the following:—

Cheese.	Lentils.	Tapioca.
Flour.	Rice.	Vegetables.

A representative of a leading stores in the City yesterday attributed the anticipated advance in the price of these articles to the transport difficulty and the colossal orders of the military authorities for the troops.

DOCKS PROBLEM.

"The greatest difficulty we have to face is at the docks," he told *The Daily Mirror*. "Here the demands of the men have become so exorbitant that the iron rule of something like military discipline could bring them down to common sense."

"With so many regular dockers away, the men feel we are entirely in their hands, and they claim the right accordingly to demand the highest terms they can."

"They forget that it is their increased demands which keep forcing prices up."

Flour rose 2s. a sack at Liverpool yesterday. Housewives need to be careful of a cheap vegetable to-day for to-morrow's joint will find the prices very heavy.

At Covent Garden yesterday everything was dear. Here are some of the latest prices:—

Small savoy.	2d.
Cauliflowers (inferior), each.	2d.
Do. (good), each.	4d. and 5d.
Spinach, per lb.	1s.
Housewives' each of 30lb.	1s.
Turnip tops, per lb.	2d.

The only articles of dairy food which promise to become slightly cheaper are butter and eggs.

EGGS AND BUTTER.

The expected drop in price is due to the advance of the egg and butter season."

Even when the drop takes place, however, prices will be considerably higher than at the corresponding period of last year.

The price of butter and eggs in the City yesterday was as follows:—

Special, per lb.	1s. 6d.
Devonshire, per lb.	1s. 7d.
Normandy, per lb.	1s. 7d.
Good fresh, per lb.	1s. 4d.
Good salt, per lb.	1s. 4d.

EGGS.

English, new-laid, per dozen.	2s. 6d.
Best selected, per dozen.	2s. 6d.
Cooking, per dozen.	1s. 6d.

A correspondent writes from Peshhurst (Kent) to state that bread in that village has risen to 9d. per 4lb. loaf.

"ELUSIVE CHARLES."

Story of Suffragette Mother-in-Law in Neck-lace Case—Stuff in Pillar-Boxes.

"Fugitive and elusive Charles" was the description applied by counsel in the King's Bench yesterday to Mr. Charles Hease, a Socialist parliamentary candidate, in the hearing of the case in which Messrs. Wilson and Gill, jewellers of Regent-street, sued Messrs. H. Douglas and Co., dressmakers, to recover £900 on a bill of exchange. The hearing was adjourned.

According to the plaintiffs' case the claim was occasioned by a series of jewellery transactions.

The defendant firm consisted mainly of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hease, and the jewellery transactions were between Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hease and the plaintiffs.

From time to time such things as pearl and diamond necklaces were supplied, and eventually the bill of exchange in question was given in respect of a pearl necklace.

The opening of the case for the defendants, Mr. Matthews, K.C., said Mr. Charles Hease asked his brother how his business was going. Mr. Henry Hease said it was a good business with splendid opportunities, and he could do with additional capital. Thereupon Charles, who had married a wife with considerable means, said possibly his mother-in-law would advance something and discount a bill.

In these circumstances the Bill was drawn up, and the brother Charles had no authority to use the bill as he did.

Mr. Henry Hease gave evidence in support of counsel's statement. His brother, he said, told him he had married an heiress to £88,000, and that his mother-in-law was "a suffragette, who runs away after putting stuff in pillar-boxes."

BERLIN'S BAN ON FIVE O'CLOCK TEA

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 19.—The Berlin authorities have prohibited the serving of five o'clock teas in the cafes of the capital, having decided that this popular function among the well-to-do classes is quite unnecessary and extravagant.

The price of potatoes in Berlin has increased, the maximum which had been fixed having been withdrawn.—Central News.

BIG SNOWSTORM SCATTERS GERMANY'S ARMADA OF ZEPPELINS

One of Largest Air Dreadnought's Brought Down by North Sea Gale.

FATE OF AN EAST COAST BOMB RAIDER.

Fair Weather Craft Smitten by Gale Which Caught Fleet by Surprise.

MORE SHIPS TORPEDOED IN THE CHANNEL.

Germany's air Armada has met much the same fate as the Spanish Armada. The Zeppelin L.3, which was the largest of the fleet, was brought down by a gale which caught the fleet by surprise. The airship was seen to be in flames, and then to have disappeared. The gale was very strong, and the airship was blown down by the sea.

To the loss of the Germans' new Zeppelin L.3 on the Danish coast, the loss of the Zeppelin L.4, which was the largest of the fleet, was added. The airship was seen to be in flames, and then to have disappeared. The gale was very strong, and the airship was blown down by the sea.

This is described as "Zeppelin L.4"; but it is suggested that it is one of the Schütte-Lanz type, and the largest, most powerful and swiftest of the German pre-war dirigibles.

One of the destroyed airships is said to have taken part in the raid on the English east coast.

British airmen dropped bombs and destroyed a Zeppelin in her shed at Düsseldorf, and the Russians captured either a Zeppelin or a Parseval at Liban, so that Germany has lost four big airships in the war.

ZEPPELINS CAUGHT IN A SNOWSTORM AT SEA.

Steamers Stopped by German Aircraft in Search of Victims.

COPENHAGEN, Feb. 18.—It is now stated that the two Zeppelins which were wrecked on the west coast of Jutland were on an extensive reconnaissance trip, with a number of other airships, to look for merchant vessels. Two instances have been reported in which a Dutch steamer and a Scandinavian vessel during the last few days were stopped by Zeppelins, which came down to the ships to identify their nationality.

When they had been ascertained to be neutrals the Zeppelins saluted and again ascended. An officer from one of the destroyed airships says that it took part in the raid on English East Coast towns.

When the two Zeppelins left Germany the weather was excellent for an air voyage, and the prospects were fine.

PRESSED DOWN BY SNOW.

On account of the lack of English weather reports the Germans were ignorant of the gale coming from the direction of England, which met them in the shape of a snowstorm when they were a considerable distance from the west coast of Jutland.

It was impossible to navigate the airships, as the motors were unable to develop sufficient power to keep the course.

Enormous masses of snow pressed the Zeppelins down, so that it was impossible to keep going.

They then returned and steered towards the shore, which was just reached before the aircraft went down.—Central News.

FOUR OF CREW DEAD.

Eleven Germans, says Reuter's Copenhagen correspondent, presented themselves on Wednesday evening at the coastguard station (at Boersmose) north of Blaastrand, on the west coast of Jutland.

They said they belonged to a Zeppelin which had descended at the coastguard station, though where it was they did not know owing to a snowstorm, which made it impossible to recognise the locality.

The men at first said they were the crew of a trawler blown up by a mine, and that they had reached the coast in a boat. Nobody believed them, however, as no boat had been seen and the men's dress also showed that they were not fishermen.

One man had both his legs broken, and he told the doctor who attended to him that he was a sergeant and that four of his comrades were dead.

Confronted by the local magistrate, the men at first repeated their story of being fishermen, but later they acknowledged that they were the crew of a Zeppelin which could not hold its own in the bad weather.

The Central News Copenhagen correspondent adds the additional particulars that the airship's crew, when they posed as fishermen, said they wanted to get to a railway station. The airship had been observed by the coastguard going very slowly in a heavy gale and snowstorm, first proceeding south and then northward.

Suddenly, when the craft had almost disappeared in the snow, a brief, vivid gleam of fire appeared, and then no more was to be seen of the airship.

"ZEPPELINS USELESS."

COPENHAGEN, Feb. 19.—As far as I can ascertain, the Zeppelins in the North Sea had orders to inspect ships.

Berlin telegrams report that such inspections took place in two instances, one being near the Haaks Lighthouse.

Danish meteorologists are of opinion that Germany's operations are greatly handicapped because the British weather reports are no longer available.

The famous Danish flying man, Alfred Nørfve, who was the first to fly over Copenhagen, told me to-day:—

"Zeppelins are useless, and there is nothing surprising in the disaster."

"The German admiration for everything gigantic alone has permitted the building of these airships to be continued, although the best German airmen have for a long time realised that the aeroplane is better."

"England has been wise in not wasting time and money on the Zeppelin type of airship."

"I don't believe that any importance need be attached to a Zeppelin attack on England."—Exchange Special.

FRENCH SHIP TORPEDOED IN THE CHANNEL.

German Submarine Attacks Steamer in Dark Without Warning.

PARIS, Feb. 19.—A telegram from Dieppe of yesterday's date to the *Echo de Paris* says:—

"A German submarine about 3 a.m. to-day torpedoed sixteen miles off Dieppe the French steamer Dinorah, which was proceeding from Havre to Dunkirk."

"The ship had a plate stove in near the middle on the port side and below the water line, but was able to keep afloat."

"Several fishing vessels which had come to warn the port were sent to assist in pumping her out, and the hole was plugged. The ship has entered dock at Dieppe."—Reuter.

An official Paris statement says the Dinorah will be overhauled and repaired. She was torpedoed without warning.

NORWEGIAN STEAMER MINED.

COPENHAGEN, Feb. 18.—A private Norwegian message says that the Norwegian steamer Nordkyn, on the way from Bergen to a Baltic port, struck a drifting mine near the island of Borholm and sank. All the crew were drowned.—Central News.

A Dover telegram yesterday stated that the Belridge, a large Norwegian-owned oil tank steamer arrived at Walmer with her forepart full of water. She is reported to have been torpedoed by a German submarine in the Channel. Part of the crew took to the boats.

COOKING THE UNCAUGHT HARE.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 18.—Representatives of the German iron and steel industry yesterday held a meeting in Berlin.

According to the *Cologne Gazette*, a resolution was unanimously adopted "that peace can only be concluded if it corresponds to the gigantic sacrifices which the German people have made."

"In order to achieve this end peace deliberations must not be left solely in the hands of diplomats. Peace must mean the increase of German sea power and the enlargement of German colonies."—Reuter.

BLOCKADE AS "BOGY" TO BREAK BRITAIN'S NERVE.

Pirate Admiral Admits Object Is to Frighten Us Out of Our Wits.

"Threats, more threats and still more threats" is the history so far of Germany's "blockade" that was to stagger the world by ruining Britain.

At all British ports yesterday ships were going and coming, just as they did before Germany began her campaign of sea piracy.

Every port told the same tale—everything as usual. Here are examples:—

VERPODE.—Shipping proceeding as usual.

DOVER.—No indication of anything unusual.

HARWICH.—Everything quiet.

SUNDERLAND.—No interference with business.

A significant message is sent by the Exchange Telegraph Company's correspondent at Copenhagen:—

Vice-Admiral Kirchhoff, who is on active service, writing to the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, makes a remarkable admission.

He says there is no question of a regular blockade, as Germany has not sufficient war material at her disposal.

When establishing a war zone Germany's great aim was to bring the feeling of uneasiness and insecurity to a climax, so that no human nerve could stand the strain long.

'GRAVE CONCERN' IN U.S.A.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—The German reply to the American Note has served to increase rather than to diminish the concern felt by officials as to the possibility of complications arising.

The officials are apprehensive over the statement that Germany disclaimed responsibility for happenings to neutrals who might venture into the danger zone.

The additional warning that mines will be laid in English and Irish waters is regarded not only as a menace to legitimate cargo carriers, but as likely further to interfere with American commerce.

Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan have read the copy of the Note published by the Associated Press, the official version of which has not been received.

Neither of them commented on it, but a feeling of grave concern is manifested at the White House and at the State Department.

NEUTRAL FLAG PROBLEM.

It is intimated in official quarters that the United States hopes for the removal of some of the causes of the present complications in the forthcoming answer of Great Britain regarding the use of neutral flags.

It is pointed out that if Great Britain and her Allies will assure the United States that none of their ships will fly the American flag the safety of American ships in the war zone will be guaranteed and German submarines will be obliged to search neutrals before destroying them.

The suggestion that American warships should convey American merchantmen is considered impracticable.—Reuter.

MUST ANSWER FOR 'ERROR'

THE HAGUE, Feb. 18.—The following official statement is issued here:—

On the 13th inst. our Minister in Berlin communicated to the German Government the Memorandum of our Government, the substance of which has already been published.

In this Memorandum the Government says that the abuse of the practice of hoisting the Dutch flag on British merchant vessels does not lessen the responsibility of the German Government, since the examination of a ship before its seizure or destruction is a duty which no belligerent can evade.

Should it happen that a Dutch ship becomes a victim of an error on the part of German forces the responsibility will fall on the German Government.

RUSSIANS WITHDRAW FROM BUKOWINA.

Austrians Enter Cernowitz—

Tsar's Troops Still Hold Advantage in Carpathians.

FRENCH PROGRESS.

Fighting still continues desperately all along the eastern battle line, but little news is available.

The Russians hold the advantage in the Carpathians, but they have had to evacuate the Bukovina.

The Austro-German troops have occupied Cernowitz, and the Russians have crossed the Pruth and are now practically on their own frontier.

A big battle is raging north-west of Kolomea, about 130 miles south-east of Przemyśl (pronounced Pjem-zle).

In the Vosges the French repulsed two attacks of the Germans, and were made prisoners.

A raid by German airmen over Belfort is reported to have been repulsed by an intense fusillade.

"VANTAGE POINT LOST."

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 18.—The official communiqué issued in Vienna to-day says:—

"On the Carpathian front, from the Dukla Pass to the vicinity of Wyazkow, the situation is generally unchanged. Yesterday there was almost everywhere heavy fighting."

"Numerous attempted attacks by the Russians on the allied positions were repulsed with heavy losses to the enemy, from whom we also captured 320 prisoners."

"By our occupation of Kolomea the Russians lost an important vantage point in East Galicia south of the Dniester."

"From the direction of Stanislaw an action with hostile reinforcements has led to somewhat important fighting north of Nadowna and north-west of Kolomea. The battle is still proceeding."

"In the Bukovina the enemy has been driven beyond the Pruth. Cernowitz was occupied by our troops yesterday afternoon. The Russians departed in the direction of Nowosielica."

"In Russian Poland and in West Galicia there have only been artillery duels and some unimportant skirmishes."—Reuter.

FIGHT IN THE VOSGES.

PARIS, Feb. 19.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

Nothing of importance occurred since the issue of last night's communiqué. The night was calm, but there were artillery combats of considerable liveliness in the valley of the Aisne and the sector of Rheims."

In the region of Perthes all the positions taken by us remain in our hands."

Between the Argonne and the Meuse, at the Pont des Quatre Enfants, we captured a bomb-thrower."

In the Vosges we repulsed two infantry attacks north of Rixensbach, region of the Cal de Bonhomme."

Moreover, we organised and consolidated our positions, progressing methodically north and south of the farm of Sudeul.—Reuter.

GENERAL JOFFRE'S PRAISE.

PARIS, Feb. 19.—The following semi-official Note was published here to-day:—

The Commander-in-Chief has issued the following order to the armies:—

After six months of campaigning the reserve units have acquired any cohesion which they may have lacked at the time of mobilisation. They have completed their training while acquiring experience of war, and on many battlefields have given proof of their valor."

The General Commander-in-Chief has decided that the terms "division," "brigade," "regiment" and "battalion of reserve" shall be suppressed."

The Commander-in-Chief is sure that the reserve units will heartily desire to show themselves worthy of his confidence by vying in valour with the troops of the active army.—Reuter.

AIR RAID ON BELFORT.

PARIS, Feb. 19.—Four German airmen flew over Belfort yesterday. They were received with an intense fusillade which compelled them to beat a retreat. The German airmen threw several bombs, which caused insignificant damage.—Exchange Special.

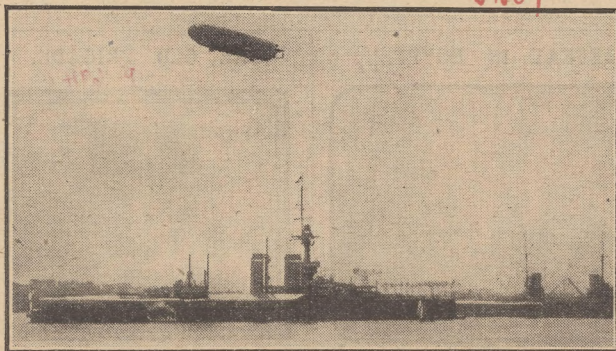
MUTINY OF 5,000 GERMANS.

PARIS, Feb. 18.—A semi-official note issued to-night says:—

"It is reported from an authoritative source that at the beginning of the month a mutiny broke out at Ghent."

"Five thousand soldiers, including about thirty officers, were sent to Brussels, Malines, Antwerp and Namur, tied in couples."

"On February 2 a train of eighteen coaches passed Louvain for Germany. It was full of soldiers and officers, who were said to have refused to go to the Yser front."—Reuter.



The L.3, one of Germany's largest air Dreadnoughts, which has been wrecked. The picture shows the airship flying over H.M.S. Ajax on the occasion of the British Fleet's visit to Kiel.

THE FUNERAL OF THE BLUECHER'S CAPTAIN. P. 16946



The funeral procession passing through the streets of Edinburgh.



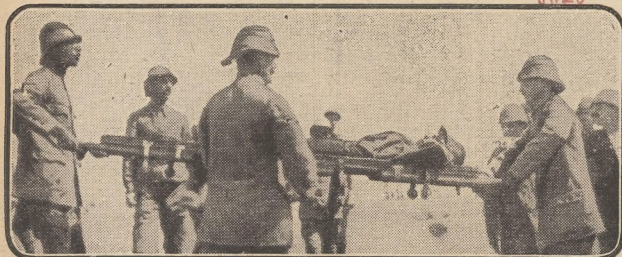
The German pastor at the grave.

Large crowds saw the funeral of Captain Erdmann, of the German cruiser Bluecher, who was rescued after the North Sea battle and died from pneumonia in Edinburgh Castle Military Hospital. Full military honours were accorded and the coffin, covered with the German flag, was borne on a gun-carriage drawn by six horses.



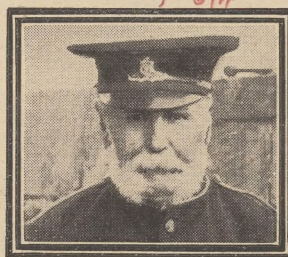
The Royal Scots Territorials fire the last volley.

AFTER THE TURKISH DEFEAT IN EGYPT. B. 81125



This photograph shows a detachment of Turkish stretcher-bearers hard at work collecting the wounded after the Turkish defeat at the hands of the British forces in Egypt. It will be remembered that the Turks lost heavily in their first engagements. They were officered by Germans.

THE OLD BRIGADE. P. 694



Gunner Parsons, the King's Gunner, who has been stationed for many years at Windsor Castle, has passed away. He served in the Crimea.

MACKINTOSH'S

A Sweetmeat Treat.

Purity: As pure as the best butter, cream, and sugar can make it.

Flavour: Absolutely delightful and unique, appreciated by old and young alike.

Value: The best obtainable at any confectioners in the United Kingdom.

Quality: The name MACKINTOSH stands alone for this, it cannot be beaten anywhere.

TOFFEE de LUXE

It's a Mother's Duty

to safeguard her health. If you suffer from any Abdominal complaint send now for my **Free Booklet** (FULLY ILLUSTRATED). It contains priceless information on all Women's Ailments, and will be sent post free on request. It also explains, with the aid of illustrations, how I cure Bloating of all kinds, Displacement, Internal Weakness, etc. without Operations or Internal Instruments—the latter cause cancers and tumours, and should be avoided at all costs. Write to-day to Mrs. CLARA E. SLATER, Dept. F34, Belgrave, Finsbury Park, London, N.

LUNTIN MIXTURE

A Blend of the Finest Tobaccos.

6d. per ounce: 2/- Quarter Pound Tins.

LUNTIN

MEDIUM CIGARETTES

10 for 3d. 100 for 2/6

OBTAINABLE AT ALL TOBACCONISTS, THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.

Daintiness itself!

CEREBOS SALT

and as good as it is dainty.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1915.

FAMILY COUNCIL.

THE FAMILY decided that, in view of the price of coal and a few other indispensable commodities, it was well to be prudent in expenditure, though one need not be in the least panic-stricken. "We must cut off something important—something definite," they remarked, and added, "only it must be something we all agree about."

For surely if one person cuts off one thing and another person another thing that cannot be so effectively economical as the plan whereby some bigger thing is renounced in common? "Let's all renounce the same thing. What shall it be?"

The unity of family life, the corporate solidarity of the British home, is, we often think, one of the current illusions of British life. And this suggestion was sufficient to reveal the deep divergencies of taste in the home circle. Naturally it was agreed by all that the thing to be cut off, or reduced, ought to be a thing nobody much cared about. We do not renounce things we really want. And so now "nobody," remarked the head of the family (so-called)—he was a man—"nobody much wants tea in the afternoon." At least, recognisably, it's a thing you can go without.

Who can go without it?

Obviously the man who is at business all day and hasn't time for tea. Besides, the tea at his office isn't good. So he can give it up. And being, in name, the head of the family he announced and supposed that everybody else could give it up also. Nobody really wanted it.

But now we discover the deep divisions in British family life. A shout of disapproval from the Red-Cross-working women of the family—a scream of distress from them. Give up tea indeed! Anything but that! Give up meat, yes; or wine, willingly; or even lunch—except a cup of chocolate and a bun. But tea, no! "We must have it. We want it after the Red Cross." And, as afterthought: "Besides, it costs so little."

That suggestion, then, was a failure.

Came next a suggestion from the female side: "Give up meat. Especially beef. And steak. Horrid meat! That will be a great saving."

The male members of the family, not at the front, wailed immediately in protest. Meat was more than ever needed. Britons were made of beef. Most unpatriotic! Stick to beef. The argument grew very warm.

It became confused and personal, as arguments do. It lapsed into recriminations. It ended by everybody pointing out what everybody else could well afford to do without. And those thus reproved retorted with remarks upon the excesses of their reprovers. It became unedifying and a true image of the divided household.

And after a suggestion that each should fall back upon the individualistic renunciation of something he or she didn't want, it was decided—for the present—not to give up anything at all. So they are muddling through, as usual. W. M.

THE SAILING SHIP.

Where lies the Land to which your Ship must go?
Fleeth as a lark mounting at break of day,
Festively she puts forth in trim array;
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?
What boots the inquiry?—Neither friend nor foe
She cares for; let her travel where she may,
She finds familiar names, a beaten way
Ever before her, and a wind to blow,
Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?
And, almost as it was when ships were rare,
(From time to time, like Pilgrims, here and there
Crossing the waters) doubt, and something dark,
Of the old Sea some reverential fear,
As with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark!
—WORDSWORTH.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

FEMALE LABOUR IN WAR-TIME.

MAY it not be that this war will see the end of the hitherto much vexed question of female labour?

In spite of the great increase in the number of women workers occasioned by their filling vacancies created in the ranks of young men workers by the war, I have nowhere heard the once common complaint as to the marked inferiority of female labour in comparison with male labour.

I think the reason for this must be that women are on their mettle against slowness to an unprecedented extent. If this be so, they will no longer offer cheap labour, but will demand equal

as "a person who can keep her boots clean on a muddy day," but now the humblest girl clerk has at least that claim to ladyhood. What chance has a full skirt in motor omnibuses? It must drag on the step in alighting and be sat on and crumpled inside.

The plain skirt is neat, practical and, above all, economical—the latter a thing to be considered in these hard times. R. G. Chiswick.

THE TELEPHONE FUTURE.

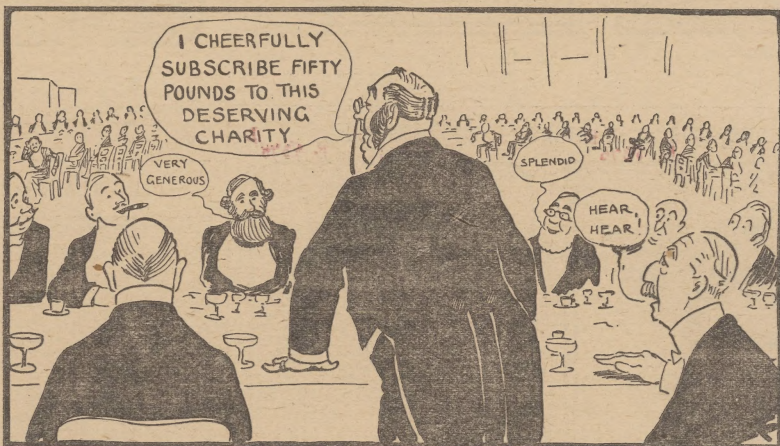
I DO NOT think that we need fear too much telephone progress.

If, for one, would be satisfied with just a little, if I could get through without being told

ECONOMY: BEFORE AND AFTER THE WAR.



Before.



After.

The British husband, before the war, made a fuss over the smallest rise in the "books." Now he subscribes cheerfully to the various funds that make demands on him.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden. Reprint.)

remuneration with men, and the old grievance as to unfair competition will go. So I hope we shall see, when the war is over, the field of labour cease to be a sort of "Tom Tiddler's ground" and become the fair heritage of both sexes that, in an ideal State, it should be. FEMINA.

THE "FULL" SKIRT AGAIN?

I NOTE with dismay that the full skirt is coming into favour again.

Cannot we business girls combine together to oppose this ridiculous and insanitary fashion?

True, the new skirt at present only threatens to be full and not long; but it is only a step from the full, short skirt to the long trailing garments that not so long ago were beloved of women—veritable germ traps and harbours of dust and mud.

The short, tight skirt has for a long time now outlived the ridicule that first assailed it from those who could see no beauty in the female figure that was not covered with yards and yards of material, gores and gathers being considered absolutely essential for shapeliness and symmetry.

Whoever sees a woman with dirty boots now, on the wettest wet day? A "lady" in the old days was often defined

WAYS AND MEANS.

What We Ought First to Save On in the Home.

LEAVE US OUR TEA.

DO NOT force us to do without our tea in the afternoon!

It may not be needed in France, but it is greatly needed in England. But isn't it taken in France also? I may not be so experienced in Parisian custom as your correspondent seems, but my impression certainly was when I was in Paris that they nearly all had the "five o'clock." And most of them ate far more, in the way of little cakes, than we do.

I don't wonder the Parisian cakes are perfect! I think it would be a good thing to cut off the evening meal—better than cutting off tea. I know some people who are content with bread and milk instead of dinner at night. This is not a bad idea for saving at this time. D. N.

Bassett-road, North Kensington.

DON'T BE SELFISH.

ALLOW me to reply to "An Old Housewife" on how to economise in war-time. She seems to boast of the fact of "sacking" the domestic and charwoman. Suppose everybody took her advice and did the same?

If it is a struggle for "Housewife" to manage, what must it be for the charwoman on her scanty earnings, and perhaps two or three children to keep?

Be patriotic and keep your servants on however possible, and remember (those that can afford servants) that there are thousands in a worse plight than you. E. A. N.

THE NAUGHTY SERVANT

THE so-called "poor maids" are extremely capable of looking after themselves, and of all classes merit the least sympathy—if any.

This war may serve one good purpose in bringing them to their senses. It will do them all the good in the world to experience difficulty in finding situations. They will only then realise that they are not indispensable, and also how to appreciate a good place when they find it. RETRIBUTION.

HOPELESS.

"HOUSEWIFE" says: "At the present time the greatest difficulty of intelligent women who are trying to help in war time is to find work for the shoals of out-of-work women and girls of all kinds."

Now, could "Housewife" tell me where these shoals of women and girls are to be found?

For the last three months I have tried unsuccessfully to get a cook-general. I have advertised in all local papers, had my name put

on the books of several registry offices, and yet I have not had a single applicant after the situation.

I suspect the out-of-work women are not of this domestic servant class, but of the middle class. HOPELESS HOUSEWIFE.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 19.—When beds and borders are being prepared for spring planting care must be taken to put the soil in a good condition. The soil in town gardens is generally extremely poor. Such a soil is often much improved by giving it a good dressing of lime and stirring it to a depth of quite 2 ft. Fresh turf loam will also do much good if added to worn-out ground.

Heavy clay soil should be well broken up and mixed with plenty of light, sandy material. Soil is valuable for the digging garden. Digging must, of course, only be done in dry weather, and it is a mistake to plant when the ground is sodden. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it: he who does one should never remember it.—Charron.

"number engaged" half a dozen times, only to eventually have my friends declare that they have not used the telephone the whole morning. RECEIVER.

A SCARCITY OF HUSBANDS.

YOUR correspondent's suggestion about the probable result of this war in reducing the supply of husbands is a serious one, and I imagine will carry anxiety into many a marriageable heart.

There is small prospect, though, that any pleasant girl need lack a husband, and girls who are not very pleasant don't deserve them, so we are during the war much as we were before it.

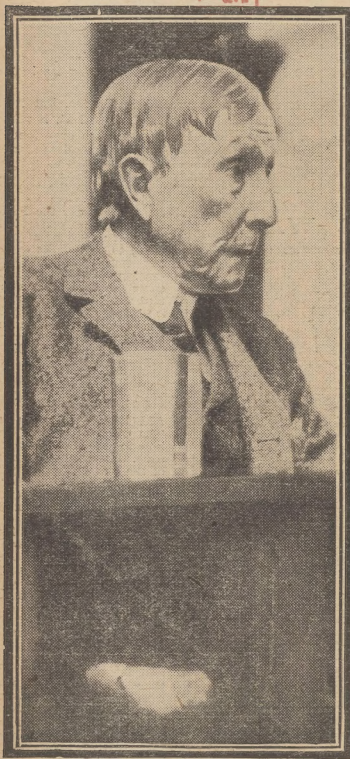
However, certainly boys are more than ever to be preferred to girls by all right-thinking mothers just now. M. F.

Catherine-street, Westminster.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willie. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front. It costs 6d. net, at all newsagents and book-stalls.

THE RICHEST MAN

P. 249



Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world, giving evidence before the Industrial Relations Commission of the U.S.

FIRST DUTY.

P. 484



Lord Wimborne, the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, inspects his guard of honour at Dublin after the swearing-in ceremony.

WINNING NUMBER JUSTIFIED

Spt. 16 '71



A bad fall in the Waterloo Plate. The hare if it had had time to turn.



Happy Challenge, runner-up.



The hare turns.

The final of the Waterloo Cup, decided yesterday, was quite a happy affair so far as names are concerned, for Winning Number won the cup for Sir Thomas Dewar from the almost equally well-named Happy Challenge, belonging to Mr. M. G. Hales. Winning Number, it should be mentioned, was favourite last year, but owing to the death

THEIR HUSBANDS ARE BHEROES OF EMPIRE.

P. 575

P. 767A

P. 575



The Hon. Mrs. Bingham, whose husband, Colonel (temporary Brigadier-General) the Hon. C. E. Bingham, has been appointed major-general for services in connection with operations in the field.



Countess Gleichen, whose husband, the King's cousin, has been appointed major-general for his services.



Lady Helen Freeman-Mitford, whose husband has been made a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order.

THE LAST TRIBUTE: A SERBIAN INCIDENT.

Spt. 16 '71



Here is a humble Serbian peasant father kissing the cross which stands above the grave of his son, who died fighting for his gallant little country in her wonderful fight against the mighty armies of Austria. The mother is standing at the graveside. This is regarded as a sacred war by the people of Serbia.

ITS NAME AND WINS CUP.

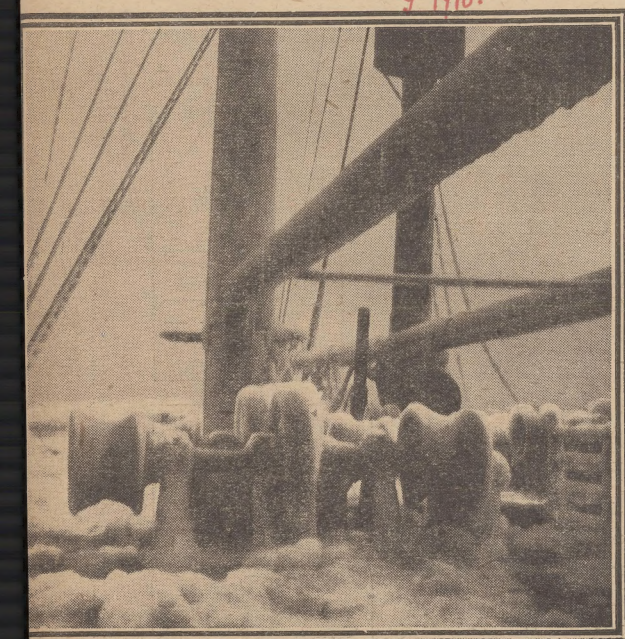


It might have laughed. The other hound certainly looks amused.



Waterloo Plate. Winning Number, the winner. This then owner, Mr. W. Patterson, on the night of the draw the dog was ineligible. The final Winning Number won easily. This has been a year of surprises for visitors to Altcar. The favourite, Jawleyford, went out in the third round. Other well-fancied dogs disappointed.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

IN MID-ATLANTIC—NOT AT THE NORTH POLE.



This photograph was not taken during an expedition to the North Pole, although the picture may easily suggest Arctic exploration. It was, in fact, taken on board a liner in mid-Atlantic on the 1st of this month during a terrible blizzard which lasted twenty-four hours. There were 17deg. of frost.

EXPECTATION.



Look at the expectation on this British "Tommy's" face. It is approaching the dinner-hour in the trenches.

GOLDEN CROSS.



Countess Dyonis Sechenyl has been awarded the Golden Cross of Merit by the Austrians for services in the field.

WAR DEMONSTRATOR.



Signor Marinetti has been arrested for breaking into the Italian Parliament demonstrating for intervention.

FATHER AND SONS.



Staff-Sergeant W. Waters and his two pioneer sons at the front. It is a fur-coated family.

PRINCESS NAMES TRAIN.



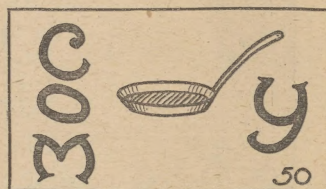
The Princess August Wilhelm, after whom Germany has named a hospital train, which she has appointed for the use of the wounded. The picture shows her arriving to inspect the train.

ANSWERS

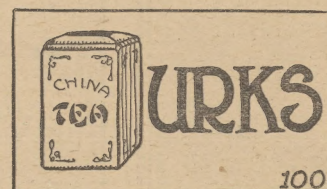
Now that "THE DAY" has passed
why not play "ANSWERS" new war game

"Powder and Shot"

and win a share in the



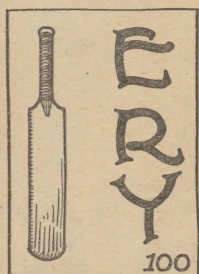
£1000



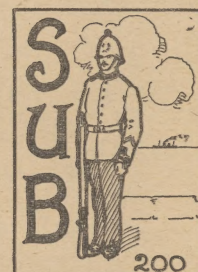
which is being awarded as follows:

1st Prize, £500; 2nd Prize, £100;

3rd Prize, £50; 4th Prize, £25; 5th Prize, £20; 6th Prize, £17 10s.; 7th Prize, £15;
8th Prize, £10; 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th Prizes, £5 each; 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th,
19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd Prizes, £2 10s. each. Besides 1,000 more handsome Prizes in kind.



"Powder and Shot" is the Simplest and Best War Game and Skill Competition ever invented. All you have to do is to solve and collect simple picture puzzles like these on this page. Don't lose any time, but start to-day and win money. You will find full particulars concerning



'Powder and Shot'

in "Answers," "Answers Library," "Family Journal," "Penny Pictorial," "Union Jack," "The Girl's Friend," or the "Vivid War Weekly"—now on sale. All are penny papers, and can be obtained from any newsagent.



Don't forget "Powder and Shot" is a great game, and you must start playing it to-day.



JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD

"She is a woman, therefore may be won."

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

JEAN DELAVAL, a charming, clear-headed, sincere girl of twenty-four.

LIONEL CRAVEN, a straightforward young Englishman of twenty-eight.

ASHLEY CRESWICK, his half-brother. He is a moneylender.

FAY CRESWICK, Ashley's wife. A shrewd, hard scheming woman.

DEREK TRENCH, Lionel Craven's friend and partner.

LIONEL CRAVEN, on board a liner coming over from South Africa, is day-dreaming about a girl on board who interests him profoundly.

His day-dreams are interrupted by Derek Trench. "I've found out all about her," he says excitedly. "Her name is Jean Delaval. She is a governess to the Hepsteins and has refused an offer of marriage from young Hepstein, who is heir to millions. She is coming back to her father, who is very ill."

Lionel Craven tells Derek that he has fallen whole-heartedly in love with the girl. Derek Trench contrives to introduce them.

Lionel eventually convinces Jean Delaval of his sincerity. One night he asks Jean Delaval to marry him. He pleads passionately, and the girl, who knows that in him she has met the man amongst all men for her, finally consents.

They are forced to say good-bye to each other at Southampton for a time.

Lionel goes straight to Ashley Creswick in Kensington. Lionel tries to borrow £5,000 from him for business purposes, but meets with a rebuff.

Ashley Creswick confesses to his wife that he has robbed Lionel of his inheritance. He thinks it better to let Lionel out of the country again. He adds that the only one who knows about the will is a bedridden old man named Delaval, who has a daughter named Jean.

As they are talking Miss Delaval calls to see Mr. Creswick. The situation is a critical one, but by clever manoeuvring Fay gets Lionel into another room. She learns from him with a shock that he is engaged to a Miss Jean Delaval.

In a heated interview with Creswick Jean promises to pay off her father's debt in a month. One day when Fay is out a man speaks to her. To her horror, she recognises her first husband, Paul Schroder, whom she thought dead. He leaves her with a threat.

Frightened as she is, she does not forget that she must get Lionel out of the country, and so she tells him that Jean has returned to South Africa. He has booked a passage back when he suddenly meets Jean. She tells him, amongst other things, that it is quite untrue about her ever wanting to go back to South Africa.

Trench finds out that the Creswicks are playing a double game, and tells Lionel to pretend that he is going to Africa. Believing this, Ashley gives them the cheque for £5,000. Lionel and Derek go off to Southampton, ostensibly for Africa, but really for Folkestone to find Jean. Lionel sees her, and she promises not to run away from him again.

Unfortunately, when Derek calls on Creswick to say that he has seen Lionel off, he accidentally drops two chair-ticks from Folkestone. Creswick is instantly suspicious, and stops the cheque. Derek calls on him again.

Whilst he is asking for an explanation, Schroder arrives and demands to see Fay Creswick. She makes an appointment with him round the corner. Creswick follows her, and sees her in the Lionel, though this is quite by accident. They go back to the house, and there is a furious quarrel. Ashley accuses Lionel of having clandestine meetings with his wife.

Ashley realises his mistake, and Lionel goes off to confer with Derek.

PAKER'S HOUR.

It was a secluded, unpretentious sort of place where Derek Trench had taken up his temporary residence. Half hotel and half boarding-house, it was one of the hundred similar establishments which surrounded the British Museum and stretch out their hands for the patronage brought to them by that venerable institution.

It suited Derek very well; it was cheap, and at that time of year, when he lacked its usual swarms of American tourists and foreign professors, it was quiet.

There was the usual class of winter customers, of course; old-fashioned country parsons with their families, spectacled literary men and scientists, and the inevitable elderly ladies with small annuities; but, such as they were, they were quiet and inoffensive and left him almost the entire monopoly of the smoking-room.

Derek was unaffectedly delighted to see Lionel and came running down the stairs with outstretched hands.

"There's no one in the whole world I wanted to see so much as you," he said. "Come up to the smoke-room—I don't think anyone's there, and I'm simply bursting with news."

He talked volubly as he led his friend along at the passage and paused for a moment to look at the old Dutch clock, which ticked gravely near the foot of the stairs. He put his arm in Lionel's.

"I'm what you would call a sleuth-hound," he continued. "I've got my nose fairly on the trail."

"What trail?"

"Hush, my boy! Great detectives don't speak on public staircases. How is Miss Delaval?"

"I haven't seen her since Sunday."

Derek paused with his hand on the white china knob of a door. "Not since Sunday!" he cried. "What on earth have you been doing with yourself since then?"

Lionel shrugged his shoulders. "Get inside and I'll tell you," he said.

Although rather stiff with heavy leather upholstery and a little shabby in the matter of curtains, the smoking-room was brightly lit and there was a cheerful fire burning in the grate. Derek took out his pipe.

"Load up, old chap," he said. "We've got half an hour to talk, and then you'll have dinner with me. I've got a man coming here at eight o'clock—that is, if he doesn't tell me—and I want you to be present at the interview. But let's hear your story first."

Lionel stopped a moment to light his pipe, and then leaned back contentedly in his chair. "Well, in the first place," he began, "Jean won't take the money."

"Won't take it? Why?"

"Who can tell a woman's reasons?"

"You mean," said Derek, "she still persists in—"

He paused with a sensation that he had nearly put his foot in it. He wondered if Jean Delaval had told Lionel what she had confided to him.

"Oh, don't spoil my feelings," said Lionel with a short laugh. "What you were going to say is that she still persists in accepting it from someone else?"

"You know that then?"

"My dear boy, I know everything. It's as plain as a pikestaff."

Derek looked at his friend with wonder written on every line of his face.

"Well, must say," he remarked, "you don't seem very cast down about it."

"No," replied Lionel, "you see, I believe I have found an alternative. I have just seen my brother Ashley."

Derek could not longer conceal his astonishment.

"Seen your brother?" he exclaimed. "Where did you meet him?"

"In Kensington. As a matter of fact, I was on my way to call on him."

"Oh, yes, of course," retorted Derek sarcastically. "I ought to have thought of that. It was such a natural course of procedure for a man who was supposed to be on his way to South Africa."

"The fact of the matter was," said Lionel, "I couldn't stand it any longer. That hole-and-corner business, that pretending to be out of the country when you are really loafing about in hiding, isn't in my line at all; and when Jean definitely refused to accept our help I made up my mind at once to have it out with Ashley—and I did," he added with emphasis.

"Quite so," said Derek. "And what sort of reception did you get?"

"Mixed, at first; in fact, we had rather a scene." He went on to tell Derek of the encounter with Fay Creswick in Kensington High-street, and how Ashley had rushed up like a maniac and accused them of secret meetings.

Derek had to smile. "That was rather an unexpected complication, wasn't it?" he asked.

"Just a bit," replied Lionel. "But that's neither here nor there. It had nothing to do with our trouble."

"Don't be too sure of that, Lionel, my boy. You know the old proverb, 'When thieves fall out, thieves' best'."

Lionel's face hardened for a minute. In spite of the way he had been treated, he could never quite get over a flame of resentment at Derek's outspoken comments on his brother.

"Don't judge him too impudently," he said. "I think he's going to let the Delavals off."

"Has he promised?"

"Well, not exactly; at least, not definitely. But he's going to think it over, he says, and I could tell from his tone that he means to do it."

Derek grunted incoherently. "If he does," he said after a pause, "it won't be because of your persuasive tongue. I suppose he didn't happen to tell you he had stomped our cheque?"

"Great Scott, no! Has he?"

Derek took the draft from his pocket and passed it over to his companion. Lionel looked at it in silence for a moment. "Have you seen him about it?" he asked.

"Naturally."

"And what did he say?"

"Oh, he made the excuse that he had found out you had deceived him—that you were down at Folkestone instead of on your way to Africa."

Derek recited the details of the two interviews he had had, and Lionel listened with a gathering frown. There was silence for a while when he finished.

"Do you know a man named Paker?" asked Lionel presently.

"Yes. Do you?"

"I saw him to-night for the first time in my life. He was shot very unceremoniously into the middle of our dispute."

"What did he come about?"

"As far as I could make out, he had rushed furiously up to Kensington to warn them that you had just called on him. It was the mention of your name which made me ask you whether you knew him. Who is he?"

"He's the man who is coming here to-night."

"I'm just as wise. What has he got to do with the Delavals?"

"That's exactly what I mean to find out, and I think by a judicious mixture of threats and cajolery we shall bring him to see the necessity of making a clean breast of it. So far, I only know this much—that he was the man who booked Miss Delaval's fictitious passage on the Inchaba."

"What has it got to do with him?"

"That's what we've got to find out. Probably he was only a blind tool, although from his obvious anxiety to warn the Creswicks I should fancy he knows more about it than he admits. But there's the dinner-gong. You'll see the most extraordinary collection of beings round that table you've ever seen in your life."

Three arm-chairs of as great a degree of comfort as one could expect to find in such a place had been arranged in front of the cosy fire. On a little table at the side were many glasses, a decanter of whisky, a siphon of soda-water and a box of very tolerable cigars.

Lionel smiled a little as he saw the preparations which had been made. "You're going to make the beggar comfortable," he said.

"Nothing like it," replied Derek cheerfully. "The only fear I have is that he won't turn up."

He was properly scared when I called on him this afternoon, and armed himself with a long black ruler, as if he expected a physical assault."

But Mr. Paker did turn up. He was ushered in by a parlourmaid, and stood blinking and frowning just outside the door. His profound astonishment at seeing not only Mr. Trench,

"IN YOUR POWER."

DEREK TRENCH had chartered, to use his own nautical expression, a private sitting room for the coming interview, and that he intended to try cajolery before the threats he spoke of was apparent from the pains he had taken to give the room a hospitable aspect.

Three arm-chairs of as great a degree of comfort as one could expect to find in such a place had been arranged in front of the cosy fire. On a little table at the side were many glasses, a decanter of whisky, a siphon of soda-water and a box of very tolerable cigars.

Lionel smiled a little as he saw the preparations which had been made. "You're going to make the beggar comfortable," he said.

"Nothing like it," replied Derek cheerfully. "The only fear I have is that he won't turn up."

He was properly scared when I called on him this afternoon, and armed himself with a long black ruler, as if he expected a physical assault."

But Mr. Paker did turn up. He was ushered in by a parlourmaid, and stood blinking and frowning just outside the door. His profound astonishment at seeing not only Mr. Trench,

but the gentleman who had looked at him so curiously in his master's drawing-room, and who had shouted to him to stop, was comical in the extreme, and even Lionel had to smile.

"Come in and shut the door," said Derek hospitably, and Mr. Paker advanced three or four steps before making his obsequious little bow.

He knew gentlemen when he saw them, and though he admired them from the recesses of his sycophantic little soul, he felt uneasy in their presence.

And these two, standing so easily and naturally by the mantelpiece, were so obviously gentlemen, or, as Mr. Paker preferred to put it, "gents," Mr. Trench had dressed for dinner, which, of course, had this in common—a certain cool fearfulness and contempt of those, like him, beneath them.

Mr. Paker knew the stamp at once—no one better, seeing what procession of them came through his master's office. They were of all kinds—some straight, some crooked; some doing their best to pay their way, some living like parasites on the good names bequeathed to them; but they all had this in common—a certain cool fearfulness and contempt of those, like him, beneath them.

Put a "commoner," to use Mr. Paker's expression, in a tight corner, and he would lie, procrastinate and whine for mercy; but these gentlemen of breed, in similar circumstances, would candidly curse the man who held them in his power.

How often had he heard his own employer, Mr. Creswick, freely dressed down before his own clerks? Mr. Paker admired the gift and tried to emulate it in his own small way, though he never got beyond a certain marked ability to bully those dependent on him.

Derek accurately read the suspicious fear on his visitor's face and hastened to do what he could to put the little man at his ease.

"Come and sit down, Mr. Paker," he said. "And you, too, Lionel. I don't think big fellows like you ought to be allowed to stand up—you fill up the room."

He walked to the table, chatting away pleasantly, and passed the box of cigars round to the two men. Mr. Paker took one and sniffed it appreciatively, but Lionel refused his pipe.

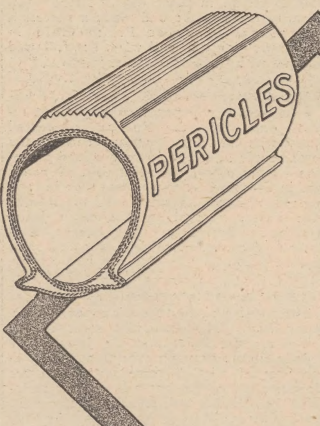
"Well, now let's have a drink all round," said Derek, "then we can talk comfortably."

He charged the glasses and threw himself negligently in the vacant seat. "Well, now, Mr. Paker," he began, "we might as well get to business at once. I hope the two or three hours I gave you to make up your mind have been fruitful of common sense."

"I should like to understand you more explicitly, sir," said Mr. Paker.

"Well, it's like this," continued Derek. "You have two alternatives before you. You can tell me the truth of your own free will, or you can get yourself into the denance of a mess by being dragged up at court."

(Continued on page 11.)



Get the best for your Money

The best, as concerns replacement covers and tubes, is found in the Pericles. Always they have offered exceptional value. Now, with still lower prices in vogue, they eradicate the last reason for using inferior replacements which give equally inferior service.

PERICLES

REPLACEMENT
COVERS
AND TUBES

REDUCED
PRICES.

COVERS:
WIRED-ON
5/3
BEADED-EDGE
5/6
TUBES 2/9

MANUFACTURED BY
The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd.,
Founders throughout the World
of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry,
Aston Cross, Birmingham, and
146, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

A LECTURE

of vital interest and importance at the QUEEN'S HALL, Langham Place, W. Sole Lessees, Chappell and Co., on **TUESDAY, Feb. 23, at 8 p.m.**

F. L. RAWSON, M.I.E.E. A.M.I.C.E.

(Author of "Life Understood" and "How the War Will End")

HOW THE WAR WILL END

and the GREAT WORLD-CHANGE THAT IS TO FOLLOW (based upon Biblical Prophecy and Scientific Investigation).

Questions will be invited at the close. RESERVED SEATS No. 34, and 24, UNRESERVED 1s., from the Hall, and the Crystal Palace, 902, Regent-street.

Mr. Rawson's book "HOW THE WAR WILL END," 1s. (postage 2d.), "Life Understood" (second edition), 7s. 6d. (postage 5d.), the standard work on mental healing. Publishers, The Crystal Palace, 902, Regent-street, W.



Sir Thomas Dewar.

Coursing Derby. There are not many branches of sport in which Sir Thomas does not take part. His success as a hunter of big game is well known, and his horses are found at all the big race meetings. But Sir Thomas, fond as he is of racing, never bets.

Fond of the Simple Life.

Sir Thomas is a great story-teller. His after-dinner speeches are among the brightest in London. But he is just as fond of the simple life as lived in an African jungle as he is of the comforts of his suite in Savoy-courts. It was about a year ago that I met him a few days after his return from a hunting trip in Uganda, and he was full of dissatisfaction at his return to civilised life. He said he couldn't take at all kindly to the overheated rooms, the over-plentiful meals and the lack of exercise of civilisation.

£1 a Week—and Live On It.

Then he was all for the life of the African native, who lives on a few handfuls of "mealies" and a fifty-mile run a day, and he suggested the ideal life in England was that of a man who lived on £1 a week—and earned it.

The Order of the Husked Cocoonet.

By the way, Sir Thomas is a member of the Order of the Husked Cocoonet. It was conferred upon him by a Samoan chief whose favourite clock had stopped. Sir Thomas mended it and became a M.O.H.C. I think he must be the only Briton to possess this weird decoration.

From Light Verse to Light House.

If you happen to be at the seaside and come across a fair-haired, boyish-looking coast-guard, don't assume that he only knows his official duties. He may be Mr. Alfred Noyes, a young man, but a professor, and one of the most brilliant of English poets. For Mr. Noyes has, so to speak, exchanged light verse for the light house, and is doing duty as a volunteer coastguard. He is one of the few literary men who have been able to admit that poetry brings him an adequate income.

Author at Twenty-Two.

Noyes became an author at twenty-two, publishing "The Loom of Years." When about eighteen months ago he went to America, where he was made a Professor of Princeton University, reporters tried to interview him in vain on his opinion of Mr. Alfred Austin, then Poet Laureate. In revenge they wrote that Noyes was suffering from neurasthenia. "A thing I never had in my life," he told me. "It would have been comic if it had not caused distress to good friends in England."

His Ill-starred Ancestor.

When I saw yesterday that the fine services of Major-General the Hon. Julian Byng had been rewarded with the K.C.M.G. my first thought was of the remarkable contrast between our present-day brilliant cavalry leader and his ill-starred and much-maligned ancestor, Admiral Byng. For the Admiral, as most people know, was shot in 1757 for over-caution against the French fleet off the Balearic Isles, whereas the Major-General is assuredly one of those "hell-for-leather" soldiers so beloved of the British nation.

"Some" Haste.

When war broke out Major-General Byng was recalled from abroad at a moment's notice in order that he might superintend cavalry training on Salisbury Plain. One day, whilst shopping about 1 p.m. in the

streets of Salisbury, he was handed an order from the War Office to proceed at once to the Continent. By 2 p.m. he had packed and departed—without his lunch!

"Florodora" Again.

The Lyric Theatre to-night should arouse a flood of old memories; few musical comedies were as tuneful as "Florodora," and the play went with a bang right from the first. Now, after fifteen years and a bit, we are to see it again in its original home and with Miss Evie Greene in the part of Dolores, in which she really made her name.

Other Days of War.

I well remember the arrival of "Florodora." It was on November 11, 1899. We were in the middle of the black days of the first few weeks of the South African War. The siege of Ladysmith had just begun. Belmont, Graspan and the Modder River were the names that cropped up big in the following few days to cheer us up a little, but Stormberg and Magersfontein followed swiftly afterwards. We thought our war a serious-enough thing then, more serious, I believe, than we do now.

Miss Evie Greene.

"Florodora" was born into a khaki world, and it is revived into a khaki world. And what a lot of things we have learned since Miss Evie Greene first sang her Dolores song. She was not very well known to Lon-



Miss Evie Greene.

don audiences in those days. After seven years of touring, she had made a success a few months before as Prince Carlo in "L'Amour Mouillé," and when she followed that up with "Florodora" she "arrived."

A Mixed Reception.

I see that a newspaper correspondent reports that when the Russians evacuated Czernowitz and the Austrians entered the townspeople gave the latter a mixed reception. I am not surprised at this. When I was in Czernowitz I spent some time in sorting out nationalities, and found the following: Poles, Rumanians, Ruthenian Jews, Armenians, Germans, Turks, Greeks, Moldavian Slovaks, Hazule, Magyars and gypsies.

Yet They Don't Fight Much.

The odd thing is that there is not very much quarrelling. The ascendant races in the towns are the Poles and the Jews. The former simply snap up everything going in the way of Civil Service posts or other sinecures, while the latter look after themselves remarkably well from the commercial point of view. Most of the other people have to take a back place, although at election time they are apt to assert themselves.

£40 Fur Coats for Peasants.

There is some sort of idea that all the people in South-Eastern Europe are always starving and hopelessly destitute. As a matter of fact, it would be hard to find a wealthier peasantry than in the Bukovina. I have many a time come across peasant women in market-places wearing fur jackets that could not have cost a penny less than £40.

Where the High Sea Fleet Hides.

It is a curious coincidence that Belgium was in a way responsible for the widening of the Kiel Canal. A 1,300-ton Belgian steamer, the Palomares, sank in the canal and completely blocked the passage for ten days. This decided the German Government to hasten on the proposed widening, the completion of which, so many writers tell us, was the signal for the beginning of war. I read this fact in the March "London." It devotes a whole interesting article to the Kiel Canal, where the fleet that mustn't fight is stored away, presumably in cotton-wool.

Subaltern Officers Please Note.

Subaltern officers stationed at Eastbourne are divided into "perfect dears," "poor dears" and "creatures." So a charming young lady told me the other day in strictest confidence. The "perfect dear," it appears, is young, good-looking, with a baby moustache and the aplomb of a D'Artagnan. The "poor dear" is either too youthful or too elderly, and not infrequently blushes uncomfortably at feminine glances. As to the "creature," all that can be discovered about him is that he is "odious" and comprises the few not classified under the first two headings.

A Puzzling "Tipperary."

Just one more version of "Tipperary" for you. And this time, I think, it is a puzzler. It was sent me by an eminent scholar. It is in a language known to few people. If you are wishful to sing it you should pronounce the combined letters "dh" like "th" in "this," or like the Welsh "dd." The vowels are sounded more or less as in Italian.

"Pel yu fordh Tipperary."

Here it is—

Pel yu fordh Tipperary,
Hir yu'n gerdh dhodho,
Pel yu fordh Tipperary,
Dho'n voren es kerra dhammo.
Bennath Dew dhis, Piccadilly,
Pias Carlerion, dhes di,
Pel yu fordh Tipperary,
Mes enno yu ow haion vi.
The literal translation of it is—
Far is the road to Tipperary,
Long is the way thereto,
Far is the road to Tipperary.
To the maiden that is dearest to me.
Good-bye to thee, Piccadilly,
Place of Leicester, to thee,
Far is the road to Tipperary,
But in it is my heart of me.
* Lit.: The blessing of God.

Now what is it?

"Nix on the War Talk."

I met a man from New York at the Savoy Hotel yesterday. "In hotel smoking-rooms and public bars at home," he said, "men are not permitted to discuss the war. I was amused in one ornate public-house to read a large sign on the wall: 'Nix on the war talk here. Joint debates between military experts must be conducted on the sidewalk.'"

The Duke's Letter.

That is a fine sporting letter that the Duke of Portland has written to the Press expressing his views on the impending closing of the Red Cross Hospital on Epsom Racecourse. As one of the most active supporters of the Turf, he says he thinks it would be better to abandon the Epsom meeting altogether than that the wounded soldiers should be disturbed. And all good racegoers will say "Hear, hear" to the Duke's expression of opinion.

Sport at Welbeck.

The Duke of Portland is a keen, all-round sportsman. As a fisherman and a shot he is well in the front rank. It is only a little over a year ago that the ill-fated Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife were guests of the Duke at Welbeck. The Archduke was considered one of the finest shots in Europe, and he enjoyed some excellent sport.

"Winnings" Almshouses.

At that time, I remember, the Archduke was particularly interested in the almshouses erected on the Duke of Portland's estate. They are known as "The Winnings" Almshouses, and were paid for out of the Duke's gains on the Turf. A few months after the Archduke's visit, at the beginning of last year, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria sent the Duke the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Stephen. How times have changed!

The Football Campaign.

Yesterday in the football campaign closed favourably for us. We retook a number of positions taken from us in the early part of the month. We repulsed some forty applicants and received reinforcements to the number of forty, making the total number of footballs received and distributed 1,850. On the basis of "the ball gives fun to fifty men," you made 2,000 "Tommyes" happy yesterday. Thank you! THE RAMBLER.

SOUP

YOU CAN LESSEN YOUR MEAT BILL

—enhance the appetising nature of your meal and obtain a maximum amount of nourishment if you will let Soup be the first, and if you wish, your only course.

Food prices nowadays demand economy. Here is an economy that will immediately become a matter of preference, for the Soup Habit is the acme of good living, providing the highest form of nourishment in the simplest and most easily assimilated form.

Foster Clark's 2d. Soup Squares

represent an economical, concentrated form for immediate use all the goodness of the old-fashioned stockpot. Each 2d. square makes 1½ pints of delicious soup—appetising enough for a single course—nourishing enough for a whole meal. As a hasty addition to an otherwise cold supper these squares are invaluable. Just a square and boiling water—that's all.

Try a Week's Supply for 1/-

A different kind for each day in the week.

Ox Tail. Tomato. Mock Turtle.
Lentil. Green Pea. Mulligatawny.

Enough for four persons at each meal. Each variety retains its natural character without artificial flavouring. Ask your Grocer for them, or they will be sent POST FREE if you send a 1/- Postal Order to

FOSTER CLARK, Ltd. (Dept. 10),
MAIDSTONE.

FOSTER CLARK'S SOUP SQUARES



LADY Reid's Teeth Society, Ltd.—Gas, 2s.; worth at hospital prices, weekly if desired.—Call or write, Secy, 524, Oxford-st, Marble Arch. Tele., Mayfair 5589.

Women Who Saved the British Flag in South Africa: Picture

SOME Wonderful Cours-
ing for the Waterloo
Cup : : Photographs.

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

OFFICERS WITH CAMERAS.—When you are sending home SNAPSHOTS of interesting happenings at the Front or on the High Seas, send them to "The Daily Mirror," 23-25, Bouverie Street, London, E.C., which pays handsomely and promptly for all war photographs used. Senders' names will not be disclosed and films are developed free of charge.

VISCOUNT HAMPDEN SEES LORD ROBERT CECIL SWORN IN AS A SPECIAL. P. 937



Viscount Hampden inspects the specials. He was very pleased with their appearance. P. 17023



Captain Brodie Henderson receives a baton.

Viscount Hampden, the new Lord Lieutenant of Hertfordshire, made his first appearance in that office yesterday when he inspected the North Hertfordshire special constables. Viscount Hampden, it will be remembered, was mentioned in yesterday's dispatches for work with the Hertfordshire Territorials, the first Territorial regiment



Lord Robert Cecil is sworn in as a special constable.

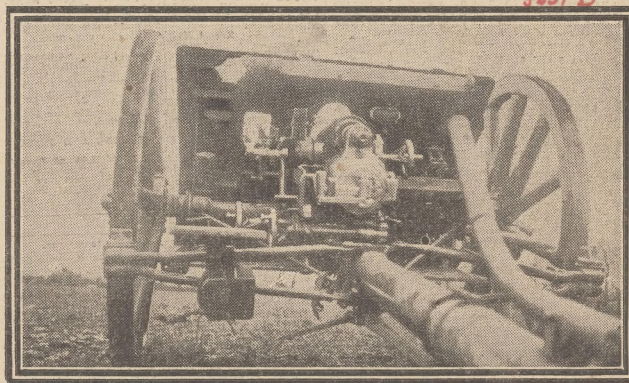
to go to the front. He resigned from the Life Guards to command them. Amongst the specials sworn in yesterday was Lord Robert Cecil, who was also appointed deputy-commandant. Captain Brodie Henderson, the organiser, was presented with an engraved baton from the Chief Constable, Major Law. (Daily Mirror photographs.)

THEY CAPTURED THE GERMAN TRENCHES. P. 6140 H



Members of the Sirhind Brigade of the Indian Corps in France. Sir John French in his dispatch says that the attack in which they took part was completely successful. Two lines of German trenches were taken with little loss.

BRITISH GUN THAT WILL LIVE IN HISTORY. P. 933 B



This is the gun that fired the first British shell in the European war. The hole in the top left-hand corner of the shield was made by a German shell that killed three of the gunners. No gun is more popular to-day in the British Army.